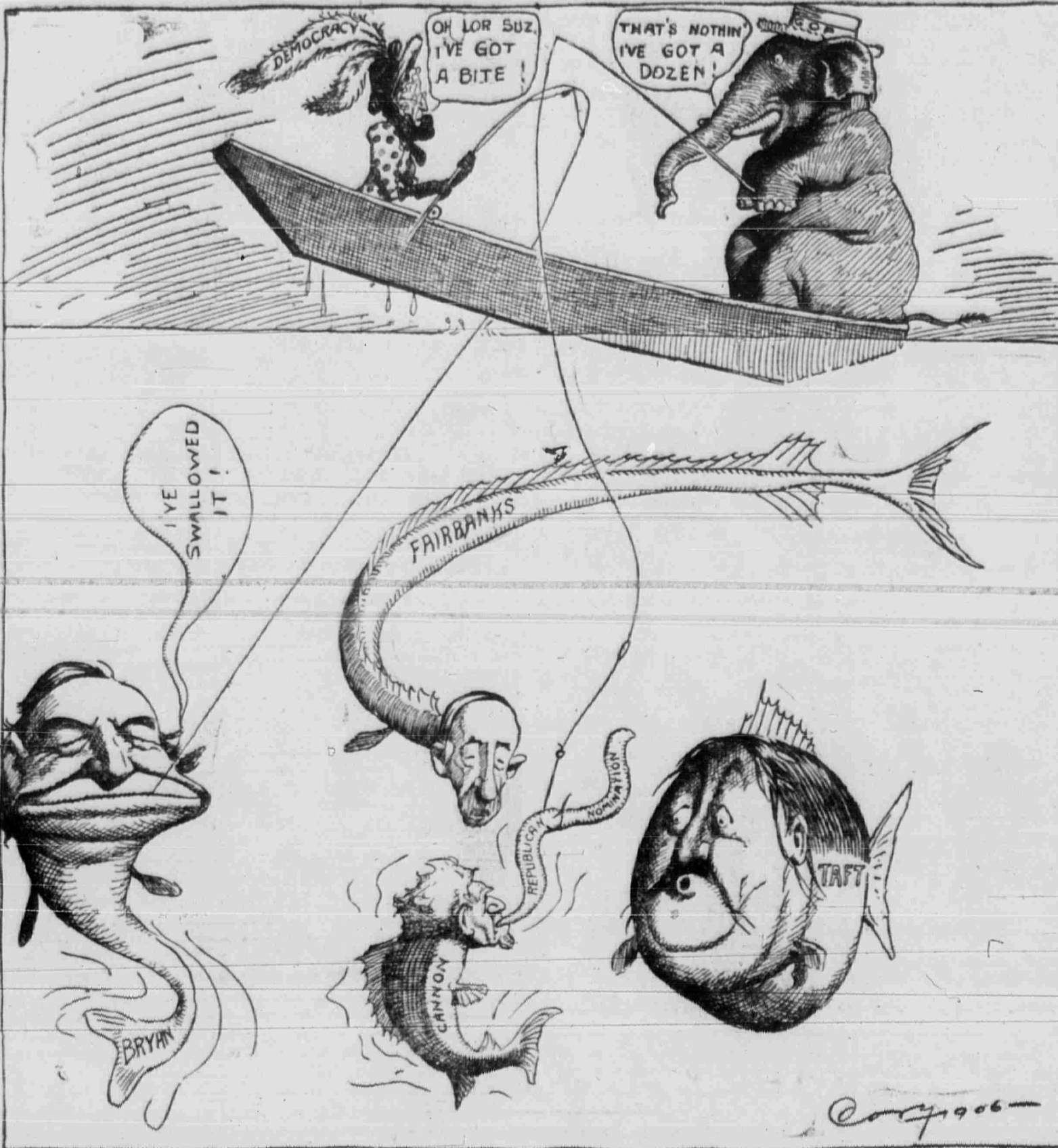




Midsummer Nibbles.

By J. Campbell Cory.



The FIFTY GREATEST EVENTS in HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 11.—The Age of Chivalry; a Mania That Bred Wisdom.

A GROUP of armed men rode into the French city of Tours. Three of them had patches over their eyes; two had not spoken in a year; another's right arm was bound to his side. Each wore in his helmet a glove, a veil or a jeweled sleeve.

Now, none of these men were injured in the eye or arm, and none were dumb. They were simply "under vow." Knights all, they were products of the Age of Chivalry—an age that began in common sense and decency, culminated in the form of romantic sentimentality, and left world-wide influences for good.

Chivalry had its earliest rise before the days of Charlemagne and was as the height of a century or so after his death. It took its name from "cheval" (a horse), and meant originally "cavalry," the idea being that horsemen belonged to the higher and noble classes in other words, to the knightly class.

The times were lawless, governments were unsettled, might overruled right and the weak were driven to the wall. To correct these abuses, knighthood, for chivalry was instituted. Its basic principles were protection of the helpless, courtesy, reverence of women, the redressing of wrongs and personal uprightness.

As the man who took such pledges belonged to the wealthier and "aristocratic" class, they were in a position to make good their vows. In times of trouble, knights were sent to the most dangerous and lawless countries where law was often unenforced and where abuses flourished uncorrected on every side, the assistance rendered to women and to the poor by powerful noblemen was the chief thing that kept the world from relapsing into utter barbarism.

But as time went on chivalry was carried to foolish extremes, especially regarding women. Knights would marry for financial or other motives of expediency. Their wives were usually regarded as mere housekeepers and nurses. But each knight, by the customs of chivalry, was supposed to have some female object of adoration, in whose name and for whose honor he was expected to perform prodigies of valor. This woman to whom he dedicated his deeds was seldom, if ever, his wife. In fact, she was nearly always some one with whom he had never spoken and who, perhaps, did not know of his very existence. It changed to behold, or, perhaps, some woman of whom he had merely heard or read.

But chivalry, like all things, became a bit of a mania, the object of the reverence of the loved one whose glove, veil or sleeve he aspired to wear in his helmet; the whole glory of the knightly life, the redemptive wrongs, succored the needy. If he won glory he was supposed to fight and carry for the women of his master's family, learn hairdressing, jute-playing, reading, singing and the making of order, religion and great courtesies of life. Without it progress would have been set back for centuries and women relegated to the rank of mere slaves.

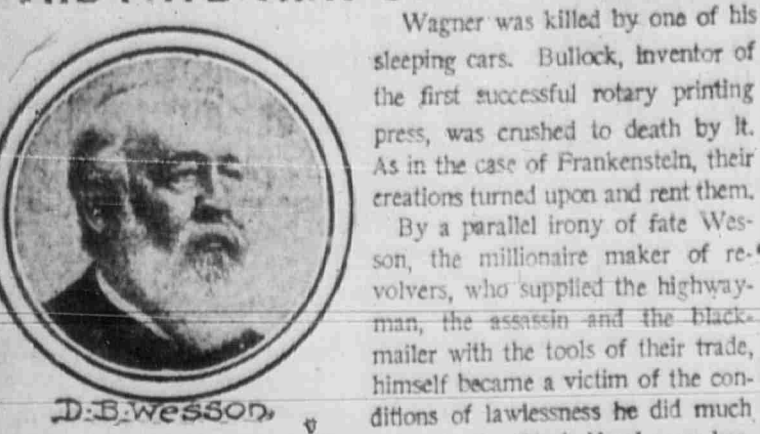
At the age of twelve a boy of good family would be sent to the castle of some famous knight or other noble. There he became a page. Besides learning horsemanship and the use of arms he was supposed to fight and carry for the women of his master's family, learn hairdressing, jute-playing, reading, singing and the making of order, religion and great courtesies of life. Without it progress would have been set back for centuries and women relegated to the rank of mere slaves.

Many knights, however, were not so good. They were often more interested in the pleasures of the chase than in the duties of chivalry. They were often more interested in the pleasures of the chase than in the duties of chivalry. They were often more interested in the pleasures of the chase than in the duties of chivalry.

Chivalry was perhaps an era rather than a "movement," and a knowledge of its history and customs is necessary to a full understanding of the qualities prompting the Crusades and other great adventures which will be described in the present series.

From the tenth to the fifteenth century Chivalry was in its prime. Its follies and absurd regulations then began to decline, but its innumerable benefits will always endure.

THE FATE THAT COMES TO MEN.



Wagner was killed by one of his sleeping cars. Bullock, inventor of the first successful rotary printing press, was crushed to death by it. As in the case of Frankenstein, their creations turned upon and rent them.

By a parallel irony of fate Wesson, the millionaire maker of revolvers, who supplied the highwayman, the assassin and the black-mailer with the tools of their trade, himself became a victim of the conditions of lawlessness he did much to foster. Fear of the blackmailing demands of a Black Hand gang hastened if it did not directly cause his death.

In a time of discussion of "tainted wealth" what shall be said of the \$30,000,000 Wesson heaped up by the manufacture of an implement of murder? To that fortune the mining-camp desperado contributed, the "bad" man of the frontier, the "rustler," the city gang member, professional crooks, criminals in the making without number, besides many who count themselves good citizens—all indeed who put a hair-trigger valuation on life, holding it at that cheapness which makes the hip pocket the seat of justice.

On the other hand, the official protectors of life, policemen, watchmen, soldiers, together with sportsmen and many others to whom a deadly weapon is a cherished possession, had a small hand in its amassing. But in all aspects it is a monument to an instrument of death. As an aggregation of wealth Wesson's estate will bear favorable comparison with the fortunes of the great captains of industry.

But how pitifully small the individual portions would appear if it were to be divided in equal parts for distribution among the widows and orphans and next of kin of those who have come to an untimely end through the revolvers it represents!

WHERE IS THE COLONEL?

Where is Mayor McClellan at this juncture? Is he aware of the machinations of Murphy and McCarren while he remains abroad? The bosses, taking advantage of his absence, are mining and sapping with great industry. They are preparing to scale the breastworks. They may soon be within the citadel if they are not checked.

Where is the Mayor the while? Is he driving in the Bois or courting through the Prater or idling in luxurious ease on some Venetian lagoon? Wherever he is he should bestir himself and get in touch with the City Hall. He should hasten to end the gentlemen's agreement to stand pat which he made with McGowan. It is decidedly not helping him; it may yet contribute to the undoing which Tammany is planning for him.

While Balder takes his vacation the forces of Nifheim are active in iniquity. Their holiday is spent at home and they are making great use of it. It is time that a Macedonian cry went out to the Colonel over the sea to come home and repair the breaches they have made in the ramparts.

THE FEMALE SHERLOCK HOLMES

Adventure No. 7.—The Seventh Customer and the Mandarin.

Hagar of the Pawnshop.

By Fergus Hume.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS.

Hagar Stanley, a beautiful, spry girl, keeps her deceased uncle's pawnshop in London, pending the return of his missing son, James. A disreputable lawyer, Vark, who has been in London with a red-haired half-breed named Gough, to escape some persecutions she has suffered from her uncle, James, who is now in the hospital, has been in London with a red-haired half-breed named Gough, to escape some persecutions she has suffered from her uncle, James, who is now in the hospital.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was something very queer about that

lacy mandarin, and something still

queerer about the man who pawed it. The

toy itself was simply two balls placed together; the

top ball, a small one, was the head, masked with a

quaintly painted face of porcelain and surmounted by a

pagoda-shaped hat flung with tiny golden bells. The

large ball below was the body, gaily tinted to

imitate the official dress of a great Chinese lord, and

hands, exquisitely finished even to the long nails,

protruded in a most comical fashion. Weighted dex-

terously within, the mandarin would keep ever this

side and that, to a perilous angle, but he never went

over altogether. When set in motion the big ball

would roll, the arms would wag, and the head nod

at every bow. Then the golden bells would chime

melodiously, and, rolling, wagging, nodding, the man-

darin made all who beheld him laugh with his in-

nocent antics. He was worthy, in all his painted

beauty, to be immortalized by Hans Andersen.

"A very pretty toy," said Hagar, as the quaint

thing tipped itself right and left, front and back.

"It comes from China, I suppose," said Hagar.

She asked the question of the customer, who de-

manded two pounds of the figure but in place of

answering he burst out into a hoarse laugh and

leered unpleasantly at the girl.

"Come from other side of Netherby; I reckon,

misant!" he said, in a coarse voice, and a bloomin'

run piece of goods 'tis, anyways."

Hagar did not like the man's looks at all, although

she was by no means exacting on the score of per-

sonal beauty—especially with regard to the male

sex. Still, there was something brutal about this

fellow which revolted her every sense. He had a

bullet head, with a crop of closely-cut hair, a clean

shaven face of a blue-black dirty hue where the

beard had been removed, a low forehead, a snub nose,

a large, ugly mouth and two cunning grey eyes that

never looked any one straight in the face. Take that

attractive gentleman over a corduroy suit, a red linen

"Sing us the bluet, then!" said the customer

only; "it's the likes of you as grinds down the likes

of me! Yahi! you an' yer preachtin'."

"In whose name am I to make out the ticket?"

asked Hagar coldly.

"In the name of Mr. William Smith—Larky Bill,

they calls me, but 'tain't bettikit to put hendarin'

famly names on pawn tickets. I live in Sawdler

alley, Whitechapel."

"Why didn't you go to a nearer pawnshop, then?"

said Hagar, taking down Mr. Smith's address with-

out smiling at his would-be wit.

"That's my bit!" retorted Bill, scowling. "Ere,

glumme the tin, an' don't you ask no questions an'

you won't be tellin' me no lie! I've seen 'em."

Hagar stamped her foot. "Here's the money and

the ticket. Take yourself and your insolence out

of my shop. Quick!"

"I'm gittin'!" growled the man, shuffling toward

the door. "See 'ere, missus; I comes fur that doll

in three months, or it may be four. If it ain't all

right an' 'anded up to me proper, I'll break yer

neck!"

"What's that you say?" Hagar was over the

counter and close at hand by this time. Larky Bill

stared open-mouthed at her spirit. "You say another

word, my jill bird," said Hagar, seizing his ear,

"and I'll put you into the gutter."

"Lord! what a donah," muttered Bill, rubbing

his ear when he found himself outside. "She'll look

after the toy proper. Three months. Tiki!" he

rapped his thumb nail against his teeth. "I can't

get less from the bank; but I've bested donkey any-

how."

And with these enigmatical words, Mr. Smith turned

on his heel and went to Whitechapel. There his

forebodings were realized, for at the very door of

his own house in Sawdler alley he was taken in

charge by a grim policeman and sent to prison for

four months. He had stolen some fruit off a coster's

barrow on the day previous to his arrest and quite

expected to be—as he phrased it—sawed for the

theft. Therefore he employed the small remnant of

freedom still remaining to him in pawing the

mandarin in the most distant pawnshop he could

think of, which happened to be Hagar's. As Mr.

Smith left the court to do his four months, a wizen-



"I keep this always by me to protect myself against such rogues as you."

in said out enchanted the lad, and he would amuse himself for hours with it. It was strange that a gilded toy, so much made for the amusement of state emperors, should descend to afford pleasure to an Arab of London city. But the mandarin was an exotic from the flowery land and looked as merry in the dingy pawnshop as ever he had done in the porcelain palaces of Peking.

A month or two after the mandarin had been pawned, Bolker announced in the most unexpected manner that he intended to better himself. He had been given, he said, the post of shop boy in a vast hand bookseller's establishment, and as he was fond of literature, he intended to accept it. Hagar rather wondered that any one should have placed sufficient confidence in this Arab to give him a situation, but she kept her wonderment to herself and permitted him to go. She was sorry to lose the benefit of his acute intelligence, but personally she had no great love for the scampish hunchback; so she saw him depart without displaying much sorrow. Thus Bolker vanished from the pawnshop and from Hagar's Crescent and ascended the higher spheres.

Nothing new happened after his departure. The

to explain at that particular moment. He noticed

familiarly to Hagar and went off, still chucking

the mandarin in charge. Hagar put away the

money and thought that she had seen the last of

Bill, but she reckoned wrongly. Two hours after-

ward he was back in the shop, mandarin and all,

with a pale face, a wild eye and a mouth full of

abuse. At first he swore at large without giving any

explanation; so Hagar waited till the bad language

was ended, and then asked him quietly what was

the matter. For answer, Bill plumped down the

Chinese toy on the counter and clutched his fur

cap with both hands.

"Matter, cuss you!" he shrieked, furiously. "As if

ye didn't know! I've been robbed!"

"Robbed? What nonsense are you talking? And

what have I to do with your being robbed?"

Bill gasped and pointed to the mandarin, who was

rolling complacently, with a fat smile on his porce-

lain visage. "That—that doll!" he spluttered. "I've

been robbed."

"Of the doll?" asked Hagar impatiently.

"Y' young Jerusalem! of the dollin' dollin'!"

"Diamonds!" echoed the girl, starting back in as-

tonishment.

"Yes! Y' know, hang you, y' know! Twenty thou-

sand pound of dimins! They was in that doll—inside

'im. They ain't there now. Why not? 'Cause

you've robbed me! Thief! Yahi!"

"I did not know that there were any jewels con-

cealed in the mandarin," said Hagar calmly. "Hao

I know I should have informed the police."

"Blow the gas, would ye? An' why?"

"Because a man in your position does not possess

diamonds unless he steals them. And now I think

of it," added Hagar, quickly, "about the time you

pawned this toy Lady Decasy's jewels were stolen.

You stole them!"

"Praps I did, praps I didn't," growled Bill, mental-

ly cursing Hagar for the accuracy of her under-

standing. "Taint rise; twarn't your bit to prig

any 'em."

"I tell you I never touched them. I did not know

they were in 'em, cuss you? When I giv you the

doll the dimins were inside; now they ain't. Who

took 'em?"

Hagar pondered. It was certainly odd that the

"Tis was my shop boy, but she left three months

ago to better himself."

"I deasy! With my dimins, I'll bet. Where is

he, that I may cut his bloomin' throat?"

"I ain't tell you," said Hagar, alarmed by the

brutal threat of the man, and already regretting

that she had been so candid.

"I'll make you! I'll twist your neck!" raged Bill,

and with anger.

He placed his great hands on the counter to vault

over, but the next moment he dropped back before

the shining tube of a new little revolver, which he

held level at Hagar's head. She had lately pur-

chased it for defense.

"I keep this always by me," said she calmly. "To

protect myself against such rogues as you."

Bill stared at her blankly, then turned on his heel

and left the shop. At the door he paused and shook

his fist.

"I'll find that Bolker and smash the life out of

him!" he said hoarsely; "when my fine madam, I'll

come back to lay you out!" After which he van-

ished, leaving the mandarin, with its eternal smile,

still rocking on the counter.

Hagar put away the pistol and took up the figure.

Now that she knew about the diamonds and had

forced Bill to admit, as he had done indirectly, that

they had been stolen from her Lady Decasy, she thought

it possible that the Chinese toy might belong to the

same owner. In spite of her fearlessness, Hagar was

not altogether happy in her mind as regards the

burglar. If he did not find the diamonds he was

quite capable of returning to murder her. On the

whole, Hagar concluded that it would be just as

well for society at large, and herself in particular,

that Smith were restored to the prison whence he

had lately escaped. After some consideration she

resolved to see Vark, the lawyer, and tell him the

episode of the mandarin, taking the image with her

as evidence. Vark, if any one, would be able to

deal with the intricacies of the affair.

In the mean time, Bill Smith had repaired to the

public house which guarded the narrow entrance to

Carby's Crescent, and there was drowning his re-

grets in strong drink. As he drained his tankard of

ale he fell into conversation with the fat landlord,

a brutal looking prize fighter, who looked as though

he had been in jail quite a bit of